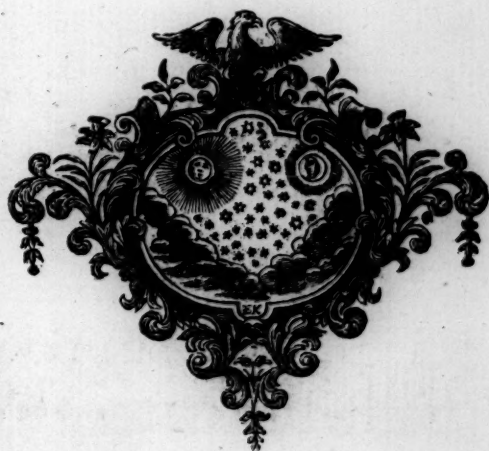


Copy

T H E

GUARDIAN ANGEL.



L O N D O N :

Printed for C. HENDERSON, under the Royal-Exchange.

MDCCLXIII.

[Price Two Shillings.]



Castle fund

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. H. and J. P. under the Royal-Exchange.

MDCCLXIII.

[Price Two Shillings]

T O

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

E D W A R D
D U K E of Y O R K,

At the most awful Distance,

Be These VERSES humbly Inscribed,

As a Testimony of the highest Respect.

CONSCIOUS to himself of Inability to perform a Work soaring towards the Sublime, the Author dares not presume to ask the Patronage of a Prince in the exalted Rank of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, till the Public have passed their Judgment, who undoubtedly will give as favourable an Opinion as may be consistent with the Integrity due to themselves, in Reverence to the Noble Personages who are celebrated.

To

His Royal Highness

EDWARD

DUKE of YORK,

At the most noble

Be These VERSES humbly inscribed,

As a Testimony of the highest Respect.

CONSCIOUS to himself of inability to perform a
Work lasting towards the Sultan, the Author
durst not presume to ask the Patronage of a Prince in the
exalted Rank of His Royal Highness, till the Public
have passed their Judgment, who undoubtedly will give
as favourable an Opinion as may be consistent with the
Integrity due to themselves, in Devotion to the Noble
Personages who are celebrated.



T H E
G U A R D I A N A N G E L.

SMOOTH be the verse that would great EDWARD
please,

And flow like *Thames*, with dignity and ease.

But ah ! what theme will his attention gain,

Who shuns the common fancy-pleasing strain ?

Whose lofty mind a lofty lay requires,

New from the soul, which Heav'n itself inspires ;

Who only smiles propitious on the theme,

That bears proportion to his mind supreme.

The task sublime, must be the Good and Great,

Which will itself a poet consecrate.

So may the first of men, who claims our love,

Applaud the labour, and the muse approve :

But oh, kind Heav'n ! that can the lowest raise,

Let not the writer be the theme's disgrace.

Trembling he holds the votive pen dismay'd,
And, bending thrice, implores supernal aid.

Confin'd to stations which the muse restrain,
Where Noise discordant and Temptation reign,
Where Trade precarious rears her busy head
I burst my fetters, and from bondage fled,
To joy-inspiring, rural, calm retreats,
Th' abodes of Virtue, and the Muses' seats ;
Where, fancy-led, I rang'd o'er Nature's realms,
Thro' solemn groves, long form'd by hedge-row elms.
Not the sweet lark, that cuts the liquid air,
More joyous breaks th' insidious fowler's snare,
Or feels more pleasure, when on wing he gains
His dear companions and his native plains.

Oh, Solitude ! I cry'd, dear safe retreats !
For you I languish, and my bosom beats,
Thou sacred blessing to the good and wise,
Whose elegance of bliss vain fools despise.
Ye Nature's darlings, and her constant care,
Who all her pleasures free from anguish share ;

Oh !

Oh! could I dwell, like you, within her arms,
Like you enjoy her never-fading charms ;
Then free from care each happiness I'd prove,
Nor should the rich again my envy move ;
I'd ask of Heav'n no more, nor of the Great,
And Virtue then should spin my future fate.
She shields from moral evil ev'ry breast,
That keeps not Vice a dear familiar guest :
Joy without Virtue disregarded goes,
And tasteless thro' the senses Pleasure flows ;
But if she's there, the peasant's cot excels
The splendid palace, where Intemp'rance dwells :
The scorn of Pride on patient merit hurl'd,
The frowns forbidding of a selfish world,
With her are shadows that but shoot oblique,
That vainly threaten, and effectless strike ;
For once enfolded to her faithful breast,
'Tis then we're happy, and compleatly blest.

Now western clouds the Sun's declension own,
And shine refulgent like an Angel's throne,

While dewy Evening with her misty robe,
Moves softly o'er the Light-forfaken globe ;
And gentle Sleep, that sooths the tortur'd mind,
Steals to the cot, and seeks the rural hind ;
But tho' invited to the velvet bed,
Where Grandeur lays on easy down its head,
He coily shuns the gilded roof of state,
And for the wretch in jail deserts the Great ;
In spite of whose dire agonizing pains,
He makes him snore beneath a load of chains.

The silver-footed dews, with spangles gay,
Hang on the grass, or tip the budding spray ;
With perfumes stor'd, the gale refreshing blows,
That stole its fragrance from the vernal rose,
Enchants the smell, and cools the am'rous maid,
That whispers love-tales in the woodbine shade.

The Moon effulgent with mild lustre spread,
Appears slow-rising from a cloud-form'd bed,
Draws back the curtains of the drowzy night,
And blending with the shades its feeble light,

Opens a pleasing melancholy scene,
And pictures Nature in the grave serene.
The lucid stars demand th' astonish'd eye,
Assert their Maker, and his praise supply ;
With intermingling beams, more soft than morn,
At once the scene illustrate and adorn.

Oh ! how you charm me, *Thames*, with sweet surprize,
On yon rich mount of pictur'd Paradise !
In wand'ring mazes round the flow'ry meads,
With rivers grac'd, the King of streams proceeds ;
You, *Virgil* like, gay past'ral charms display,
But views sublimer, more advanc'd, convey.
No rocks thy stream despoil, no storms deface,
Nor rapid floods thy verdant vallies grace.
Whatever praise to other parts is due,
Here *Thames* appears the hero of the view :
Nor yet in one dull course it loves to creep,
And one inglorious state, tho' safe, to keep ;
But, by the Sun invited, dares a flight,
That oft obscures the arbitress of night,

And

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And in big-bosom'd clouds securely rides,
 Too high to view its breezy-ruffled tides.
 But if it fails, (the common fate of all
 That dare too much) illustrious in its fall,
 It crowns with spreading trees aspiring hills,
 With lowing herds the grassy vale it fills ;
 The prospect-forming downs, and herby rocks,
 With goats it peoples, and with fleecy flocks.

The bird of *Thames* a matchless grace assumes,
 With jetty-border'd front, and snowy plumes ;
 Whose milk-white neck with air majestic cranes,
 When the smooth stream its downy breast sustains,
 Which from its frosted silver wings extends,
 Shoots into length, or in an arch impends.
 Like thee, great *Horace*, if like thee I prov'd,
 The smiles of patrons which the muses lov'd,
 As now my theme, it should my example be,
 Where strength and force with elegance agree ;
 Then o'er bright *Thames*, ye Swans, I'd flow along,
 And make my bliss a subject for my song ;

Till

Till tir'd below, th' aspiring muse I'd try,
Leave earth's abodes, and skim along the sky ;
When low not mean, aloft not out of sight,
Grand without pomp, and without glitt'ring bright,
And as at first, my flame at last maintain,
And dying sing an ever living strain.

Here down the arch-form'd rock a spring distils,
Whose rugged fides its frequent passage drills ;
But from the fret-work roof, petrific grown,
Shrinks back aghast, and curdles into stone !
Not so the stream that tempts a dang'rous course,
Runs deeply silent with collective force ;
Then springing boldly to the steep cascades,
Rushes down roaring, and the ear invades ;
While lingering rills deliberately go,
Cling to the edge, and side-ways slip below.

There on the chalky crags of yonder hills,
Whose heads are oaks, and fides regurgling rills,
The grove-frequenting *Druids* nightly came,
And ivy-loving *Bards*, (so whispers *Fame*)

And

And as they cast on *Thames* their pensive eyes,
Great *Neptune* once they saw with vast surprise :
He came to visit *Thames* in all the state,
Fit for the father of a son so great.
Not far behind appear'd his blooming bride,
And her gay train, who up the river glide.
The *Queen*, who all her nymphs in charms excell'd,
Beholding all, is by the *Bards* beheld :
The sportive gales play'd round her filken vest,
And shew'd the wonders of her heav'nly breast,
Whose beauty, by her golden ringlets grac'd,
Like *Juno's* glow'd, when *Ammon* clasp'd her waist.
Mother of pearl, with tortoise-shell inlaid,
Adorn'd her chariot, with gay shell-work made ;
While silver dolphins held with filken reins
Obedient swam, and clove the wat'ry plains ;
The sea-born nymphs the lovely *Queen* enclos'd,
And to the stream their coral-pointed breasts oppos'd.

With mossy turf the *Bards* an altar raise,
A white lamb kill, and swiftly in a blaze
They

They kindle stubble with the sparkling steel,
Cloath'd all in white, and thus express their zeal.
“ Hail! Glorious Trident-bearer, Ocean's King!
“ To thee we offer, and to thee we sing!
“ O hear auspicious what we chant with joy,
“ And be to *Britain* what thou wast to *Troy*.”

The God delighted heard the grateful sound,
And favour-granting, as he hears, turns round.
Thrice with his mace he strikes the shudd'ring shore,
And thrice the trembling rocks the sound restore,
And thrice the clouds send down a gentle show'r.
Without a wind the solemn forests shake,
The hillocks tremble, and the mountains quake;
And then behold appear a wond'rous birth,
Where from the bosom of the op'ning earth,
A wood of thunder-standing oaks uprise,
Spread their wide arms, and seek the glorious skies.
While mistletoe, and ivy ever-green,
Creep up their trunks, and by degrees are seen,
By which their bodies and their arms o'ergrown,
Receive a grace in winter, not their own:

Then they project an awful shade around,
 And thus their being and perfection found;
 Thunder their birth, and lightning celebrate,
 And prove an emblem of their future state.

Amaz'd the Bards! amaz'd the Druids stand!
 And view the wonders of th' Immortal's hand.
 And thus the God, preventive of their praise:
 " Not round a town, or city's edge, to raise
 " A little mound, these kings of trees I call,
 " But round your nation they shall float a wall;
 " For oak-ribb'd ships, with gale-extended wings,
 " Your trade extending, shall give laws to Kings."
 Thus ending, he (his lovely bride before)
 His courfers thunder'd from the weedy shore,
 And swift as lightning to his consort bore.
 Now mistletoe the Druid, and the Bard
 Unfading ivy, for their crowns regard;
 And sacred oaks (then sacred held) they make
 Their temples, and thence inspiration take.

Thus

Thus ranging lonely by the moon's pale gleam,
 O'er fear-creating wilds, where owlets scream ;
 Vast trees gigantic shadows threw around,
 And whooping curlews wak'd deep thought profound.
 Torn from their tender mates, the faithful doves,
 Breath'd melancholy murmurs in the groves :
 And now, thro' quick imagination's glass,
 Fancy-created Fairies seem'd to pass ;
 And as the gaudy phantoms tript along,
 They join'd the dance, and sang the festive song.

What charming sounds are those my ears salute ?
 Sweet Philomel preluding tries her flute :
 Now she begins !---with silent steps I tread,
 And press reclin'd a fragrant primrose bed.
 What language can such melody display ?
 I gaz'd, I listen'd every sense away !
 Enraptur'd with the scenes, my bosom glow'd,
 My blood and spirits all exalted flow'd ;
 I seem'd to cry with fervency of heart,
 Ah ! must I from these joys delightful part ?

Oh! thou Inspirer of this glow divine,
 What shall I do to make them ever mine?
 To keep the bird of Sorrow from my breast,
 And in the arms of dear Contentment rest?

On this, an Angel's voice methought I heard,
 And then my *Guardian Angel's* form appear'd!
 A spear his hand, his head a garland grac'd,
 And easy robes his comely form embrac'd.
 Above the waist his glossy wings were fix'd,
 With purple fring'd, and shades of gold enmix'd.
 Tho' sweet's the breath that early morn bestows,
 The op'ning lily, and the new-born rose;
 But his more fragrant than the breath of morn,
 Or op'ning lilies, or the rose just born;
 With scents celestial all the air perfum'd,
 And as he walk'd, the trees new blossoms bloom'd.
 Thro' Meditation's shades his way he took,
 Characteriz'd by Wisdom's pensive look;
 Which mov'd at once both love and awful fear,
 With mildness soften'd, where it seem'd severe.

Struck

Struck with terrific dread, I seem'd to quake;
 But soon, with words affuasive, thus he spake;
 "Fear not, O Youth!" and as he spoke, he smil'd,
 With hope-exalting looks, serenely mild;
 "Thy *Guardian Angel's* in this form enshrin'd,
 "Intent on purposes divinely kind:
 "Heav'n heard thy pray'rs, and in proportion will,
 "As you're obedient, what you wish fulfil.
 "Prefer thy wishes to the Throne with speed,
 "Nor will the *Queen* disdain to intercede."
 With looks denoting love, he made an end;
 To whom thus answering, with respect I bend.
 I cannot, dare not, this presumption use ---
 "Then," he replied, "your lucky hour you'll lose:
 "When their commands superior Beings lay,
 "They're held as sacred, and you must obey."
 But ah! how dare I ask, that am unknown,
 And can for public good no actions own?
 The Angel thus --- "The *King*, like Heav'n, expands
 His grace, where not alone Desert demands

In

In one peculiar way, but large of heart,
 The friend of Merit stands in ev'ry art :
 By heav'n inspir'd, to heav'n the Poet wings,
 But gains perfection from the smiles of Kings.
 Besides, imputed merit some have known,
 And profited from Actions not their own.

Thro' rocks of ice * * * * * drove,
 And with him smiling Fate concurring strove ;
 The steady man from thund'ring cannon spoke,
 The *Frenchmen* felt him, and their spirit broke ;
 Confusion seiz'd them, tho' they well behav'd,
 And what *Wolfe* conquer'd, he with honour sav'd.
 Now at the feet of GEORGE her Sovereign,
 Behold *Canadia* wear the captive chain."
 But how, said I, great Angel, can'st thou know
 The *Queen* will this new trouble undergo ?
 Then he with smiles angelic said, " Attend,
 To gain thy confidence I'll condescend,
 To shew she's highly honour'd from above,
 Because her virtue asks supernal love,
 Which shews the friend of Merit she will prove.

Unlock thine ear, and mark with diligence,
What pass'd invifible to mortal fenfe.

That wond'rous Pow'r, whose goodnefs unconfin'd
Preserves the univerfe, and rules mankind,
Whose innate glory guards his endless throne,
And knowing all things, is the Great Unknown.
As mortals and their fchemes with fmiles he trac'd,
And looks parental round his ifland plac'd,
He faw Youth's blooming *Queen* (fo Love perfuades)
The fhore abandon, and her weeping maids,
When ſhe with virgin fears and tott'ring feet,
Firſt trod the yacht, her deareſt Lord to meet ;
Revolving in his all fore-knowing mind,
How much her fafety with his plans combin'd,
And that no pow'r to man malevolent,
Should frustrate his propitious kind intent,
He will'd Great CHARLOTTE to the fafeſt guide,
To him he bade o'er wat'ry realms preſide.
Th' angelic meſſenger on ſpeedy wings,
Of instantaneous lightning, nimbly ſprings ;

Swifter

Swifter than winds thro' heav'n's bright gate he drives,
Darts thro' the clouds, and down the surges dives,
And in the chrystal courts reveal'd he stands,
The Pow'r that bears th' Almighty's high commands.
The sapphire-ey'd sea-ruling Prince that wears
His hair in ringlets, and a trident bears ;
Who on his pearly throne o'er sea bears sway,
While meaner Angels his commands obey ;
Starting, the message hears ! his car demands,
Then with his equipage an Angel stands,
Who blows his writhen conch ; the thund'ring roar
Responsive Eccho to the sea-caves bore.
Their grots the company of Angels leave,
Haste at the call, and thro' the billows cleave,
And join retinue as the car attends,
Which the great Angel of the Sea ascends.
High in his car, that Hippocampies draw,
With trident rais'd, he gives old *Ocean* law ;
Before the winds he thunders thro' the waves,
Ploughs the glib surface, and his path engraves,
Which, as the wheels the mountain billows climb,
Give way, and shrink beneath the Pow'r sublime.

Now in her sea-green robe the early Dawn
 On tiptoe calls from eastward rocks the Morn,
 Drives off on fable wings the star-rob'd Night,
 And ushers in the glorious pow'r of Light.
 Nature in silent expectation waits,
 To see her Lord depart his golden gates ;
 He comes ! --- (bright Nature smiles) and with his rays,
 Gilds the rocks brows, and o'er wide Ocean plays.

Mean time the *Gallic Demons* understand,
 Why CHARLOTTE leaves her dear *Germanic* land.
 Far up from Sea's revenge they ruminate,
 And treach'rous *Gallia* joins the foul debate.
 In a gilt chariot, which dragoons furround
 She came, and swept with gaudy robes the ground :
 Some (tho' but few) for open force incline,
 But most to circumvent and undermine
 Their foes, declare --- and all a method ask ---
 " Be mine then" *Gallia* cries, " the thought and task ;"

D

And

And as she spoke, with nimble wings she flies,
 (To find the Fiend that Ocean terrifies)
 Leaves less'ning cities, and pervades the skies.

Rocks pil'd on rocks, with monstrous arches join'd,
 Which massy ribs of iron bars confin'd,
 The frightful aspect of his palace form,
 Who rules o'er storms, himself a second storm.
 With vast huge rolling stones, and rattling chains,
 He bars their passage, and their force constrains.
 Firm in the midst, in iron vaults he dwells,
 Or tries their spirit, or excites their yells.
 Heav'n sometimes gives them scope to range the deep,
 Which air and water from stagnation keep ;
 Permits them oft, when daring fin he'd smite,
 To exercise around their hell-born spite ;
 They will the evil, He directs their flight.

Now guileful *Gallia* to the Fiend appears,
 (And half disclos'd her bosom) bright with tears,
 At once to move him, and to hide her rage,
 Began to speak, with ev'ry art t' engage.

“ Great Prince of air ! whose pow’r’s omnipotent,
(She not in passion lost her compliment)
Aid me to crush th’ existence of a race
Of future Heroes, and avert disgrace,
Which from yon maid will be entail’d on me,
(And pointed to great CHARLOTTE on the sea)
Name what you will, thy recompense is sure,
’Tis I that speak, and what can’t I procure ?”
She ended thus --- the *Dæmon* deifies ---
And thus in haughty language he replies ---
“ Dost thou, O Guardian of the *Gallic* land !
Come here from courtesy, or by command ?
The first may love, the last shall meet contempt,
The King of Air is from command exempt.”

“ Not of command,” she said, “ O Prince, I sue,
In this an Angel errs that waits on you ;
I will abide the test of that, do thou
But meet my wishes with a smiling brow.”
Puff’d up in hope, an Angel he might see,
As disobedient and as bad as he ;

With smiles malignant thus he vents reply :
“ Then be it so --- and see me shake the sky.”
Yet he design’d to falsify her hope,
Nor dare the God with whom he could not cope.
But watchful, of the *Queen*, GERMANIA flew,
And as blith *Gallia* from the Prince withdrew,
She mark’d her self-complacent air elate,
And guess’d her errand from her common hate.
Then near the Pow’r arriving, thus she spoke ---
“ Wilt thou again thy Conqueror provoke ?”
“ What if I should ?” in haste he frowning cry’d,
And as he spoke he swell’d with haughty pride.
To which she answer’d, “ Then, O Prince ! expect
That I”--- “ That thou !” he said,--- “ Durst thou correct
Thy great Superior ? --- But despising thee,
I grant what I with-held through amity.”
He ended frowning, and unbars the caves,
Mounts the fierce storm, and all a devil raves.

Then the delightful sea-perspective scene
Is chang’d to horror, and confounds the *Queen* ;

For

For on black mischief-teeming clouds spread wide,
 Malignant demons hatching thunder ride,
 Who lead huge bands of billow-tossing wind,
 With hasty rain and rattling hail combin'd,
 Down on the Royal Yacht with vengeance sent,
 A storm they hurl'd, and spread astonishment!
 With ruin big, and dark as hell a cloud,
 Burst from the op'ning skies prodigious loud,
 As if it crack'd the vault of heav'n afunder,
 Flames wrapt the sea, and earth was fill'd with thunder.
 Th' astonish'd *Ocean* tumbles to the shores,
 Foams as he flies, and like vast torrents roars.

The Yacht tofs'd upwards as the tempest raves,
 Is tumbled town a precipice of waves.
 To Heav'n for aid the *Queen* prefers a pray'r,
 The Fiends attempt to puff it back in air;
 But the great Delegate beneath the sky,
 Now in his car appearing makes them fly,
 And battle threat'ning, holds his trident high.
 In mid career, their purpose with dismay
 They drop, and howling call their friends away.

Behind

Behind the hills they skulk retiring fast,
And leave the death-devoted with a blast.
Yet by the rocks secur'd a scow'r retreat
They make --- defiance cast --- nor own defeat ;
But still renew with adverse winds th' attack,
And drive with adverse winds great CHARLOTTE back.

The Heav'n-arm'd Angel then commands aloud
The Demons home, and all the baneful crowd.
“ Great in myself, I own no head,” he cries,
And angrily in storms his pow'r denies,
Then turns for battle with indignant eyes.
Heav'n will'd him punish'd with his awful nod,
The Angel then with terror look'd a God !
And drove them howling from the flashing main,
Whose jails for safety soon with joy they gain.

Arm'd by th' Almighty, down the roaring skies,
The burning Seraphim of vengeance flies,
Three miles in length, encompass'd round with smoke,
And, comet-like, a dreadful passage broke ;

His

His blazing eyes of Heav'n's red wrath partook,
 Nor does his actions falsify his look.
 With arm held back the trembling earth he press'd,
 Which soon convuls'd, the pow'r of God confess'd :
 He stands in act to give a dreadful blow,
 And signs from Heav'n the signal lets him know.
 Then from his right prodigious hand he threw
 Excessive clouds with thunder big, which flew
 Urg'd by the fiery lightning of his eyes,
 Full on the fortress where the *Demon* lies,
 Who Heav'n and Heav'nly Angels now defies ;
 On their broad backs the stroke the strong hold take,
 Yawn all aghast, and in confusion break.
 The dead awake ! as if with death at strife,
 The last day's trumpet call'd them into life.
 Then from wide mouths the bursting caverns roar,
 And vomit from their bosoms melted ore ;
 Hurl up with fire and smoke their bowels high,
 And toss whole quarries twirling in the sky.

Terrific Angels to his aid repair,
 And from the earth their deep foundations tear,

Which as they split, rebellow'd out like thunder,
 As if the globe itself had burst afunder.
 Down in the horrid cave where *Satan* reigns,
 Lightning for once reveals the dire domains ;
 The damn'd forget their pangs, the shock enjoy,
 In hope their beings something will destroy.
 Amaz'd the King of Hell starts up, and cries,
 With hideous uproar, which Hell terrifies,
 " Heav'n, Earth, and Hell are tumbling to destruction."

* * * * *

Mean while the floods rush in, and furious drive
 From their huge cells the whirlwinds out, which strive
 Rageful to gain the limits of the world,
 They seize the *Demon* of the winds, who twirl'd
 Round and round swiftly, is far drove away,
 And would have been revolving to this day,
 But Heav'n (who for worse ills reserv'd him) said,
 " Resume your former state"---and all obey'd.

The splendid Angels of the King of Kings,
 Who in his presence with their golden wings,

Their

Their faces hide, to shade them from the beam
Of glory, that surrounds the Great Supreme,
When all grew calm, inspir'd with heav'nly love,
Tune their soft harps, and charm the blest above.
Harmonious voices, and seraphic strains,
Melt in sweet preludes round the blest'd domains ;
And some melodious flutes divinely blow,
And singing thus, with joy their bosoms glow.

“ To Heav'n's Almighty King with joy we raise
The song triumphant, and seraphic praise ;
Round him we see eternal goodness shine,
And feel the dear effects of love divine.
Praise, O ye sons of men, from pole to pole,
The God of Truth with elegance of soul ;
So shall the haughty tyrant of the air,
His reign soon ending, shrink with dire despair ;
For glorious *Michael*, who in arms transcends,
Tow'rs earth his bright victorious legion bends ;
Whose potent swords fierce *Lucifer* has felt,
And all his host regret the wounds they dealt.

Soon from mankind they'll ev'ry fiend expel,
 And chain the captive god of fools in Hell ;
 And strongly fasten, with thick bars immense,
 The tenfold gates of Hell's high three-wall'd fence.
 Then bright with ev'ry grace that sooths the foul,
 Sweet Happiness shall human care controul ;
 Shall toss down Evil to his native Hell,
 Bless all mankind, and with her vot'ries dwell."

They ended thus, and bowing to the throne,
 Th' Eternal Good their starry crown laid down.
 The Angel then, as *Gallia* hid herself
 Close in the covert of a rocky shelf,
 With look authoritative, (ere she fled)
 And angry eyes, he spoke, and thus he said --
 " *Gallia*, desist, in arts of peace confide,
 As now to thee success in war's deny'd ;
 The *Briton* shall, as much as mortal may,
 O'er trade preside, and o'er the ocean sway ;
 His people, which expos'd to evils run,
 Defenceless to the frost and burning sun,

With labour faint, and pang'd in ev'ry nerve,
From ills, which tho' of Heav'n they may deserve,
Instead of adding to their weight of grief,
He, like a brother, brings the due relief ;
Their burthen lightens all a father can,
And smoothes the rugged paths of hapless man.
Why, *Gallia*, should o'er him your King prevail,
That does, where he performs, so greatly fail ? ”
O'er-aw'd, the Guardian blush'd, but not reply'd ;
Just bow'd her head, and flew quite mortify'd.

The Ocean now assumes its graceful dress,
The waves shrink level, and the clouds wax less,
Those smile with dimples, these gay tints express,
Soft gales in gentle murmurs die away,
And o'er the face of Nature all is gay ;
The Sun unfully'd splendor pours around,
And with sweet smiling peace the scene is crown'd.

Then Heav'n's great Delegate an Angel sends
To bid the *Demon* that in storms contends,

Secure his subjects, and his palace keep,
 Nor let his tempests violate the deep;
 Which thro' his shell the Angel tells aloof,
 The haughty Fiend, grown humbler by reproof,
 Just for a sign of due obedience made
 A surly kind of nod, but nothing said.

Then to *Britannia* on the chalky strand,
 That watchful sat, the Guardian of the land,
 He sent soft *Eccbo*, who her charge unfolds,
 And soon the Guardian on the sea beholds.
 Her chariot, drawn with oil-producing whales,
 Was made of heart of oak, and flaxen sails;
 Tall was her person, and her aspect shew'd
 A grace between the humble and the proud.
 Her awful mien, with nameless majesty,
 To slaves shot terror, tho' it charm'd the free.
 Her eyes a godlike privilege assum'd,
 And her plump cheeks like ruddy morning bloom'd.

A crown she wore, of golden bees was made,
 And her firm seat was implements of trade;

And

And when he saw the Guardian of your isle,
 His features brighten'd, and he wore a smile ;
 And thus to her the Ocean's Monarch spoke ---
 " Thou whom the sons of Liberty invoke,
Britannia, hail ! The *Queen* that yonder stands,
 (And as he spoke, he wav'd tow' rds her his hands)
 To thy direction I consign, that she
 May sail to *Thames*, and land from danger free.
 Ye faithful Guardians, now each care bestow,
 Point out the rocks, and ev'ry peril show.
 Shine out, O Sun ! and you, propitious Gales,
 Brighten the day, and fill the spreading sails ;
 And let her, *Ocean*, o'er thy confines glide,
 For she's th' Imperial *Briton's* Virgin Bride."

" When the bright fugitive, by love misled,
 Left her old Lord, and with young *Paris* fled,
 Thy aid she claim'd, and trusting to her charms,
 Clasp'd, as she sail'd, the wanton in her arms ;
 Partial to so much beauty, you with joy
 Gaz'd on her face, and bore her safe to *Troy* :

But

But here, t' excite a double care, you'll find,
With equal youth, a much superior mind.
Charms that your utmost veneration claim,
Nor yields the *German* to the *Grecian* dame ;
Whose sceptre will with thine in sway be seen,
Thou of the Ocean Guardian, she the *Queen*.”
Then, ere th' Angelic Potentate withdrew,
Smiling with rosy lips, he cry'd “ Adieu ;
Protect, ye Angels, with your silver wings,
The *Queen*, who from a race illustrious springs,
Of ancient Heroes, and of splendid Kings ;
To bloody Superstition, foes profess'd,
Who freedom love, and tyranny detest.”

Ending he bow'd, the honours of his head,
Took up his reins, and to his palace fled ;
Triumphant o'er the waves his chariot press'd,
And bending Angels their grand Chief confess'd.
Britannia in obedience humbly bow'd,
Turn'd to the *Queen*, and there her thoughts bestow'd ;
Who now departs her native continent,
To be in *Britain* more magnificent.

Thus bright with inbred majesty profound,
And bright with all his gay attendants round ;
The Sun forsakes in state the western strand,
And shines more glorious in another land.
The yacht flew lightly, as the breezes rise,
Beauty the sea, and glory fill'd the skies.
Her cheek the Princess on her hand reclin'd,
So looks the lily when with roses join'd ;
And such a noble personage to view,
From their gay grots th' angelic bands withdrew ;
Who strings of orient pearl and coral wear,
Twin'd in the ringlets of their curling hair,
Which on their polish'd iv'ry shoulders rest,
Clasp round the neck, or kiss the snowy breast.
The headlong winds in air their flight suspend,
And curling surges round the vessel bend.
So fabled *Venus* on the sea appears,
Delights the nymphs, and ev'ry Sea-god cheers ;
The flow'r-born Zephyr, and the spicy gale,
Kiss her sweet cheeks, their fragrant scents exhale,
And joy and gladness o'er the scene prevail.

Thus with becoming dignity she came,
For Angels guard thro' buxom waves the dame.
Now the white cliffs appear on *Albion's* shore,
Grow on the eye, and shoot up more and more ;
And now with joy the happy land's descry'd,
While towns, and cloud-topt cities, *Britain's* pride,
Stretch o'er the corn-fields, and far seen uprise
Their lofty steeples to the azure skies.
There King-receiving *Harwich* stands, which waits
To view its youthful *Queen* within its gates,
And gives an *English* Noble dignity,
That sprung from an illustrious family.

See ample *Thames* ! his head mercantile shows,
Rolls down the flood, and in old Ocean flows
To pay the tribute which he daily owes. }
There he directs tall ships, their passage guides,
Sits in his barge, and up the river glides.

To *Thames* imperial thus *Britannia* spake,
“ For me, and for the sons of Freedom's sake,

A safe-

A safeguard be, who art with pow'r endow'd,
To *Britain's Queen*, and *Britain's Queen* she show'd ;
For be assur'd by me, from her will spring,
Thy glory, *Thames*, a trade-promoting King."
Thus she, --- and *Thames* applauds th' auspicious hour,
Takes her in charge, and sees her safe on shore.
The *Queen* now lands, her country bids adieu,
And her heart feels the coming interview ;
While commerce-loving *Thames* with pride turns round,
And mirthful views her tread the *British* ground,
With eyes prophetic all her path explores,
And hails the Princess born to bless his shores.

Now from their brazen mouths the cannons roar,
Declare the *Queen* is landed safe on shore ;
Echo against the jocund hills rebounds,
With replications of the joyful sounds ;
While thunder mildly from the distant plains,
In signs unhurtful answer to their strains,
The care of Heav'n attesting. -----

Charm'd with the sight where blooming *Charlotte* treads,
The streamlets stop, and flow'rs uprear their heads.
The youthful genius leave the fountain's brim,
With acorns crown'd, and down the rivers swim,
To view the fair *Germanic* royal maid,
And give her welcome to the woodland glade.
But her dear Lord, amid the courtly throng,
Counts till she comes the hours, and thinks time stays too long.
Now with delighted eye he views her near,
Whilst her heart flutters with delight sincere,
To find such beauty in a Prince so great,
Whose sweetness soften'd all the pride of state.
She thought propitious Heaven prov'd most kind;
And better than herself, could please her mind;
Her lab'ring bosom, and her blushing cheek,
At once the modest, and the worthy speak.

Now sacred wedlock joins the Royal hands,
And now among the best of wives she stands,
A noble pattern in connubial life,
A dear companion, and a faithful wife.

And

And this I would to Heav'n, your Ladies were,
Like her, more virtuous, than they're nicely fair ;
For then indeed she'd be a wonder seen,
Not of the *English*, but of Angels *Queen*.
If female errors e'er surpris'd the fair,
Hid by her charity, they'd melt in air ;
Yet when she wills her gen'rous donatives,
Her left hand knows not what her right hand gives.
Let it suffice to tell you, she's by none,
If own'd but equal, in true worth outdone.
And all she thinks, and does, without pretence,
Flow from the spring of sweet benevolence ;
And ever will, for of ill-nature free,
Her heart is love, her soul is harmony."

"The *Genius* ending, I once more rejoin'd,
And humbly thus express'd my fear of mind :
" Should the *Queen* deign to smile, can I pretend
To hope the *King* will prove the Muses friend ? "
I ceas'd ; my *Guardian* for the last replies,
Dispels my fears, and stops my rising sighs ;

And thus he spoke" --- " Again my voice I'll raise,
 At once t' extend your hopes, and sound his praise.
 O Heav'n! beneath thy brooding wings outspread,
 Keep the dear youth! --- but see my pray'r is heard ---
 For Guardian Angels with their rays of light,
 The King-debasing *Demons* chase to realms of night.

The gen'rous hearted *King*, b' assur'd of this,
 Is not severe to mark what's done amiss ;
 There meek-ey'd Mercy acts a tender part,
 Melts in his eye, and softens in his heart ;
 With him the feeling nerves their pow'r attest,
 And Pity and Compassion sway his breast.
 Bless him ye servants, that around him wait,
 Whether in private, or for public state ;
 For in his heart good-nature holds its feat,
 And makes it with returns of kindness beat :
 From which to sweet benevolence he's prone,
 And proves he'll live not for himself alone,
 But keep the hateful selfish Fiend away,
 To bless the people, proud to own his sway.

Thus

Thus if he with propriety can grant
The proffer'd suit, and raise the suppliant,
Not Heav'n bestows the herb-refreshing show'r
More pleas'd, when kneeling swains its aid implore.
And O! what prospects open as we go!
What goodness blossoms, and what virtues blow!
Adorn'd with beauty, and a friend to truth,
He stands among mankind a matchless youth.

His mind examine, Oh what harmony!
In that well-regulated polity
Prefides! There Reason, whom Religion awes,
Sits on her throne, and governs with applause,
And keeps each pow'r subservient to its laws. }
And as the world, search all the kingdoms round,
A plan of government has never found,
To keep that equal ballanc'd sway, which brings
The subjects freedom, and due pow'r to Kings,
Like *Britain*: --- but from Kings their due it takes,
Or fetter'd slaves the groaning people makes;
So *Fame* shall GEORGE THE THIRD, to honour true,
With the fond eye of admiration view,

Among the race of men with no compeer,
Shining unequall'd in his lofty sphere.

For true devotion, and the love of God,
Paths by the youthful nobles feldom trod,
He to his people an example proves,
And expectation in their bosom moves.
Thus in the Abbey, how it struck profound,
When each grand personage was plac'd around,
And GEORGE amid the godlike pomp was crown'd. }
He with an act of grace his reign began,
And paid to God the homage he receiv'd from man ;
And as with pious attitudes he swore,
By Him, whom all in Heav'n or earth adore,
So help me, Great Vindictor, as I stand,
The Guardian, not the Tyrant of the land ;
Angels and Seraphims bent down to hear,
And kind to *Britain*, wish'd he'd persevere.
Whene'er occasion for the Virtues came,
When did he shrink to magnify their name ?
If Vice, (who Inclination, oft betrays
To acts forbidden, and the senses sways)

Proposes joys voluptuous to his heart,
 His virtue stabs it, tho' he feels the smart.
 Thus see his faithful people, and rejoice,
 Turning from Vice, that Virtue proves their choice.

And thus 'tis fabled of a godlike youth,
 A foe to vileness, and a friend to truth ;
 When near a lucid stream he lay reclin'd,
 What life to chuse revolving in his mind;
Virtue appears, and *Vice* with study'd grace,
 Rouse all his soul, and colour all his face.
 As wonder-struck he bends with humble fear,
 First heart-deluding *Vice* with smiles draws near.
 " Me follow, Youth, and only me invoke !"
 She blithly said, and as the Goddess spoke,
 Gave her fair bosom to his wond'ring eye,
 And thus rejoining, waits not for reply.
 " Then, lovely youth, each lovely maid be thine,
 With melting music, mirth, and sparkling wine ;
 The gilded palace, and sway absolute,
 With ready slaves, thy will to execute."

Then

Then, to work up his passions to her part,
She shot her spirits in his lab'ring heart.

The conscious Goddess with delight observes
His working muscles, and his trembling nerves ;
His short-breath'd sighs and fault'ring limbs attest,
How *Vice*, but listen'd to, enchants the breast.
His passions now for Reason grew too strong,
And tho' he knew the right, approv'd the wrong :
Till keen-ey'd *Virtue* took her turn to speak,
Who mov'd with air majestic, mild, and meek,
Ungrac'd with soothing fancy-pleasing wiles,
Without the flatt'ring charms of dimpled smiles ;
And us'd so little art to bribe his choice,
He scarcely gave attention to her voice.
But when she thunder'd in his tingling ears,
The swine-like baseness which to *Vice* adheres ;
How vitious pleasure and dishonest joy
Degrade the soul, and all its worth destroy ;
And soft'ning tun'd her voice with eloquence,
To paint the heart-felt bliss of conqu'ring sense ;

The

The glorious dignity, that must attend
On godlike mortals, that mankind befriend,
Whose ever-blooming pleasure knows no end.
He paus'd --- his soul pierc'd thro' each earth-born cloud,
Shone out itself, and thus he spoke aloud.

“ Lead me, O lead me! *Virtue*, where you please,

“ For thee I give up pleasure, vice, and ease:

“ For thee I'll follow what the world explodes,

“ And you shall lead me to the blest abodes.”

Soul-wounding grief, and heart-tormenting fears,
Forbear to torture, when the *King* appears ;
His outward looks, which inward guile ne'er hide,
The humble raise, or dash down haughty pride.
So much he loves his people, and their fame,
He joys to own a *Briton's* noble name.
Declares he will, with *Grecian* eloquence,
Prove to the free a rock of sure defence ;
That *Virtue* shall his future steps direct,
Chuse in his choice, and in his will reject ;
Which is the lucid source, whence freely springs,
His promptitude to do the fit in things.

Oh happy mother! in a son so wife!
Under whose forming hand such wonders rise!
With awe thy name and virtues I revere,
And tho' an Angel, mention thee with fear.
For who, the great parental portraiture
Can draw, and not the shining piece obscure?
Yes! let the venal sons, whose reign's no more,
Snarl at thy virtue, and against thee roar.
But the great worthy can with joy attest,
Thou mad'st thy consort in thy virtue blest;
Nor as a parent less to be approv'd,
In either station, loving and belov'd.
Tho' in a *King* a duteous son you find,
And power courts thy hand, to none unkind;
When art thou haughty, and elate with pride?
Or dost o'er pompous luxury preside?
But all the Good, and Great, with gladness tell,
Thy greatest pleasure is in acting well.

Thou, with thy royal partner, first began,
To countermine the *nation-bated Man*,

The gen'rous *Prince*,----and Virtue aim'd the blow,
 For public good, attack'd the public foe;
 Like *Atlas*, shoulder'd up a sinking state,
 And, tho' he lost his aim, he still grew great:
 By ev'ry son of liberty carest,
 He stopp'd the bolt he could not quite arrest.
 So when a lofty rock, which long withstood,
 The storm-fetch'd thunder, and the rapid flood;
 In time displacing from unequal strength,
 It measures in the flood its noble length;
 And thus a greater obstacle reverts,
 Stops its dire progress, and itself asserts.

As when affairs of heav'nly moment call,
 Then meet th' Archangels in th' empyreal hall,
 Whose Chief, majestic, wears a starry crown,
 And speaks harmonious from his golden throne;
 Persuasion from his lips asserts her reign,
 And holds th' assembly in her silken chain:
 So GEORGE, in solemn parliament enthron'd,
 His Nobles and his Commons waiting round,

With such persuasive accents charms each ear,
And makes attention list'ning bend to hear.
Young as he is, to pleasure rais'd apart,
He knows the latent springs that move the heart,
And leads the captivators captive in their art.
Thanks to the Man, in whom the *King* delights,
Who led him up to Virtue's noblest heights,
Who *Mentor*-like, tho' first in favour, will
With virtue guard him, and his mind from ill.

Ah! *Britons!* not from him restrain your praise,
Nor in your hearts, her throne, let envy raise;
For he the soul-exerting task design'd,
To cultivate the royal fertile mind;
Early he sow'd the seeds of Virtue there,
And to promote their growth took ev'ry care,
Upheld the tender nobler plants with art,
Which rise sublimely in the gen'rous heart:
Sav'd them from canker-worms of appetite,
From storms of passion, and from pleasure's blight:
But rooted up its baleful weeds, that spring
To choak their progress, and the artist sting.

And

And strove with judgment, still each flow'r t'unfold,
 To pour refreshment, and the weak uphold;
 Luxuriant nature with nice art to prune,
 Stop the rank shoot, and temper sultry noon.
 But now his care, perfection to repay,
 Bids him the beauty-blooming mind survey :
 He does --- and lost in wonder views the bright display. }

To merit thus the just rewards bestow'd,
 Yet favour has from other channels flow'd.
 Oh force of judgment in a *King* so young!
 To him the honour, and the task belong,
 To make two nations one, thus one their aim,
 And join their hearts, as well as join their name.
 Great *Thomas* views with joy the Royal Youth,
 Pursue the paths he pointed out to Truth.

Ye free-born sons of Genius, now rejoice;
 For drowsy Dulness, with discordant voice,
 Who had superior to the brute no taste,
 Disgracing where it reign'd, is now disgrac'd :

While man-exalting Science mounts its throne,
 Asserts its right, and hurls the upstart down ;
 Invites the virtuous from their soft retreats,
 And leads the learned to the muse's seats :
 Thus ev'ry genius, that's by heav'n inspir'd,
 Shall be encourag'd, and by all admir'd.
 Avaunt! ye leeches, and ye birds of prey,
 Ye savage beasts, that would tyrannic sway ;
 To monarch's slaves, you lawless pow'r advise,
 That o'er the people you might tyrannize.
 Away!---the *King*---the gen'rous Youth for you
 No business has, no dirty work to do ;
 Rush to your forests, parks, or where you can,
 And feed on ven'son, since you can't on Man.

The glorious *King*, now crown'd with high success,
 Who sees his country all its hopes possess,
 Its rank exalted, and its drooping head,
 Uprais'd supreme, for which its heroes bled,
 Its subjects righted, and its commerce spread ;
 The plaintive voice of Peace with pleasure hears,
 And throws on War a backward view with tears.

Now

Now calls the wisest men, who share his love,
And sends the terms of Peace which all approve,
That *France* should not, with ev'ry guile replete,
The victors vanquish, which they could not beat.
So his great ancestors, who gave us name,
The nobles summon'd that were first in fame;
From which grand *Wittengemot* in its spring,
Your parliament, your liberty, and *King*
You owe (which *Britons* cannot over-prize);
Such as the world must view with envious eyes.

Ungovern'd by his passions, and the times,
And unpolluted by detested crimes,
His Maker owning, tho' in youth's gay spring,
Look, O ye people, on your blooming *King*!
Confess his goodness, and his worth approve,
And strive to imitate that worth you love.
See, as a proof, the æconomy he deigns
Thro' all his court, where well-tim'd Prudence reigns.
Oh! does not this an indication stand,
That nobler works he means to take in hand?

As when th' *Herculean* babe gave signs of strength,
 That threw the curling snakes a lifeless length ;
 Methinks, the heav'ns reply, It does, ---and he,
 From *Hydra* debts, the groaning land shall free.

Most *Kings* are vain, and almost all the young,
 A worth like this deserves an Angel's tongue ;
 But he, a youth, voluptuous joy contemns,
 And pompous fashion for his people stems,
 That they with taxes shall not be oppress'd,
 Declines proud grandeur, and forbears soft rest ;
 Except where custom, and his nation's fame,
 Demand he should keep up her rank and name ;
 Yet in himself his dignity he keeps,
 Nor is too haughty, nor too meanly creeps.
 Your admiration not by gilded things
 He raises, nor by dazzling arts of kings ;
 By trumpets sounding, nor by guile refin'd,
 But by the grandeur of a gen'rous mind :
 Which plans the happiness of human kind.

Hear a reverſe --- a cry, --- the monarch comes,
With banners flying, and loud kettle drums,
Th' immortal man proclaiming near at hand,
Whoſe arms victorious nothing can withſtand,
He comes---and triumphs o'er his proſtrate land:
Aſcends his palace with ſupernal ſtate,
While ſlaves, low bending, round the monarch wait.
Thy poets, heroes, and thy learned ſons,
Seem to deſerve more liberal returns.
For thee I pity, *Gallia*, now not vain,
Thy country's ruin'd, and thy heroes ſlain;
Thy true religion's in Pollution's arms,
Thy trade's half raviſh'd and deſpoil'd of charms;
And thy dear freedom all thy kings deſlow'r,
Ah, wretched *Franks*! but *Franks*, alas, no more!

Oh, Heav'n! may never come that dreadful time,
When *Britain* ſhrinks, deſil'd with ev'ry crime;
When Luxury debauching rules her ſons,
And from their rank embraces Freedom runs;

For its foes watchful as *Britannia* droops,
To pour resistless their revengeful troops
Like deluges, whose rage no banks can keep,
Which run prodigious, and to ruins sweep,
Huts, castles, temples, palaces, and towns,
With lords promiscuous, beggars, kings, and clowns,
That flung together in the rigid doom,
Together form their wretched country's tomb.

In eastern courts, the feats of lawless man,
Who acts the crimes he dares, because he can,
Where golden-vested Luxury and Pride,
With languishing Voluptuousness preside;
There the proud *Sultan* for himself confines
A hundred beauty-blooming concubines;
With slaves impalac'd, and with grandeur curst,
The fated victims of a tyrant's lust.
Ye *British* virgins, with delight you'll sing,
Thy better palace, and thy chaster *King*,
Who scorns to be with grov'ling scepter'd knaves,
The slave of pleasure, or the *King* of slaves.

For he to whom such princely tasks belong,
 Selects a hundred of the virgin throng,
 Who mourn their tender parent's fate, that found,
 By War's unsparing sword, their fatal wound :
 Far from Temptation's soft seducing charms,
 He'll place the Fair in Virtue's faithful arms.

NOW GEORGE has order'd War's dire rage to cease,
 And homeward call'd the frighten'd dove of peace ;
 Secure in rocky dungeons you'll behold,
 Ten thousand chains the pow'rs of war enfold ;
 Whilst universal Plenty, blyth and gay,
 Shall in thy gates, O *London*, all its stores convey.

Crown, O ye pow'rs marine, the conqu'ring *King*
 With coral, and your pearly offerings bring :
 And him at sea the first of mortals count,
 For there he's uncontroul'd lord paramount.
 All nations of the globe shall own his sway,
 And tho' they envy, yet shall homage pay.
 His pleasing bride shall be his heav'n on earth,
 And Time already gives his image birth.

Long may from Heav'n the lovely Prince abide,
His parents pleasure, and the nation's pride;
Then *Thames*, with tillage grac'd, and commerce crown'd,
Shall smile, and wharfs the din of trade resound.
The *King*, who knows their worth, their value try'd,
O'er drooping Arts and Science shall preside,
While partial Party, and Rebellion dire,
Bereft of hope, self-eaten shall expire.
And Heav'n will hear his kneeling people's cries,
And long will lend him from his native skies,
Where, if he lets not vice his soul accost,
He'll gain the throne the *great Archangel* lost.

Hail him, ye fellow-*Britons*! This is he!
Born from the saviour of your liberty,
Who chac'd th' ill-omen'd eagle, far away,
Of Superstition, from its trembling prey.
Hail him, ye echoing hills, and vocal woods!
Responsive vallies, and ye roaring floods!
In chorus join, and let Heav'ns concave ring,
With hearty welcomes of GOD SAVE THE KING:
And

And join with his Her praise, who is serene,
 QUEEN of the Island, that's of Islands QUEEN.

Beneath the beams of such a rising sun,
 Not in a desert shalt thou fade alone ;
 But shall thy branches open to the day,
 And birds of song shall warble from thy spray.
 Thy head, with blossoms crown'd, shall gently rise,
 Leave the low earth, and seek the glorious skies ;
 Thy leaves a never fading youth shall wear,
 And fruit immortal shall thy branches bear."

The *Genius* ceas'd, and as he ceas'd withdrew,
 Whilst I the statue of attention grew.
 Such was his sweet discourse, he left behind
 A charm like that which music gives the mind ;
 I seem'd as newly wak'd from splendid dreams,
 When hope interprets all the pleasing themes.

But what assuasive language can I frame,
 To shield the fearful trembling muse from blame ?

That

That the *Queen* may the fault'ring verse excuse,
 Approve my duty, and commend the Muse?
 Ah! let sweet-tongu'd Good-nature intercede,
 Which guides thy breast, O *Queen*, and there my pardon
 plead.

F I N I S.

